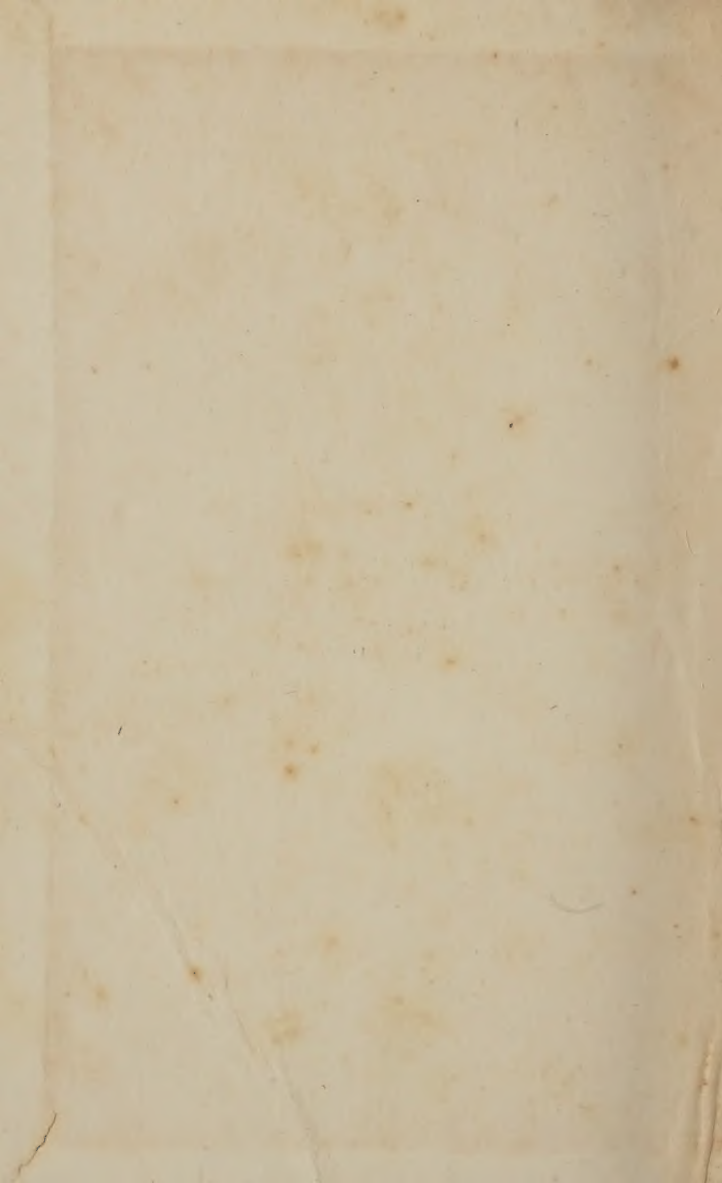




Annie May Beulle

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUMES IX AND X.

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK
AND
WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with
CAPULET, } each other.

An old man, cousin to Capulet.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.

FRIAR JOHN, }

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.

GREGORY, }

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE—*Verona: Mantua.*

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage, to

Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. A public place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 10

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids? 20

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads: take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poot John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee. 40

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it. 50

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir. 60

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.* 70

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you
do. *[Beats down their swords.]*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heart-
less hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy
sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate
the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward! *[They fight.]*

*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray;
then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike!
beat them down! 80

Down with the Capulets! down with the Mon-
tagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long
sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for
a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let
me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a
foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,—
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you
beasts, 90

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments, 100
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate;
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me:
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 110

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague,
 and Benvolio.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach:
 I drew to part them: in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head and cut the winds,
 Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn; 119
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him
 to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,
 So early walking did I see your son: 130
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humor not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

140

Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:

Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

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Enter ROMEO.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy
stay,

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short. 170

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favor, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. 180

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming form!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep. 189

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love that thou hast
shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs:

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall and a preserving sweet. 200

Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sickness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. 210

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you
loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's
fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: 220

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste,

For beauty starved with her severity

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead that live to tell it now. 230

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows

Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 240
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honorable reckoning you are both;
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world;
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride, 10
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
 made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number
 more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, 30

And like her most whose merit most shall be:
 Whilst on more view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me. [*To Serv., giving a paper.*]

Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish;
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book; but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry !

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

‘Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and
his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Val-
entine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daugh-
ters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior
Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the
lively Helena.’

A fair assembly: whither should they come ?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither ?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Serv. My master’s. 80

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask’d you that
before.

Serv. Now I’ll tell you without asking: my
master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be
not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and
crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry ! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet’s
Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, 90
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires;

And these, who often drown’d could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars !

One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun
Ne’er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being
by,

Herself poised with herself in either eye: 100

But in that crystal scales let there he weigh’d

Your lady’s love against some other maid

That I will show you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant show well that now shows
best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call
her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhood, at twelve
year old,
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse.

Your mother.

Jul.

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give
leave awhile,

We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. 10

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but
four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said, 20
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;

My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
 Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple 30
 Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
 throw,

To bid me trudge:

And since that time it is eleven years;
 For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about;
 For even the day before, she broke her brow:
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!
 A' was a merry man—took up the child: 40
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
 The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.'
 To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?'
 quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
 peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but
 laugh, 50

To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.'
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
 A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to
 age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
 say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee
 to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
 An I might live to see thee married once, 61
 I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honor that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the
gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; 80
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride 90
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by
men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'
love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for; the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*]

Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But let them measure us by what they will;
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

Give me a case to put my visage in;

A visor for a visor! what care I 30

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of
heart

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's
own word: 40

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. 50

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, 60
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night 70
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 80
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north, 101
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind mis-
gives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast 110
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*

Musicians waiting. *Enter Servingmen, with
napkins.*

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not
to take away ? He shift a trencher ? he scrape a
trencher !

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands and they unwashed too,
'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane: and, as thou
lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone
and Nell. Antony, and Potpan ! 11

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for,
asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too.

Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all 20

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone;

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well. 31

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir; 49

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago,

Rom. [To a Servingman] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright !

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, 50
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight !
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin, 60
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman ! wherefore
storm you so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it ?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth: 70
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy ! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you ? go to. 80
You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my
soul !

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap.

Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princex; go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meet-
ing

91

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unwor-
thiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this; 100

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for
prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I
take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have
took.

110

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly
urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul.

You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word
with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. 120

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman? 130

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would
not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within 'Juliet.'*]

Nurse. Anon, anon!
Come, let's away; the strangers are all gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now old desire doth in *his* death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;
 That fair for which love groan'd for, and would
 die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
 But to his foe supposed he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
 hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved anywhere:
 But passion lends them power, time means, to
 meet,
 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
 [*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
 And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard
 wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
 Romeo! humors! madman! passion! lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
 Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and
 'dove:'

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid !
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us !

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
 trees, 30
 To be consorted with the humorous night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
 An open et cætera, thou a poperin pear !
 Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40
 Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[Juliet appears above at a window.]
 But, soft, what light through yonder window
 breaks ?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 It is my lady, O, it is my love! 10
 O, that she knew she were!
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him 30
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak
 at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for that name which is no part of thee
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized; 50
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd
 in night
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
 words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and
 wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch
 these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 And what love can do that dares love attempt;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
 Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
 here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
 their sight;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire; 80

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke: but farewell compliment! 89

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,

And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 100

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,

My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, 'It lightens.' Sweet, good
night !

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, 121
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
quest it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what pur-
pose, love ? 130

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu !

Anon, good nurse ! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit above.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeared,
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good
night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam !

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not
well, 150

I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam !

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [*Exit above.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again ! 160

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My dear ?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine. 169

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird:
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[*Exit above.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, 189
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the
frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb, 190
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, micle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair
use

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: 20
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature; 40
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was
mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosa-
line?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son; but where hast
thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; 59

And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when and where and how

We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is
here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 70

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:

And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence
then, 79

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love
now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;

The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that
run fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his
man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a
letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead;
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot
through the ear with a love-song; the very pin
of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-
shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.
O, he is the courageous captain of complements.
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,
distance, and proportion; rests me his minium
rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the
very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duel-
list; a gentleman of the very first house, of the
first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado!
the punto reverso! the hai!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting

fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gypsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you? - 50

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to courtesy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition. 60

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness! 70

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose. 80

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 91

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair. 100

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

110

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

130

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir: unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

[Sings. 140

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [singing]
'lady, lady, lady.'

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[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what

... ..

saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 169

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 181

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 190

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee, 200

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel. 210

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? 220

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter! 230

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.**Enter JULIET.*

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
beams,

Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come. 11

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

O God, she comes!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O honey nurse! what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why
look'st thou sad? 21

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I
had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy
news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay
awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no; but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within; 60
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell; 70

There stays a husband to make you a wife;
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse,
farewell. [*Exeunt.* 80

SCENE VI. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare:
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, 10
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
'Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stir-
ring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me
his sword upon the table and says 'God send me
no need of thee!' and by the operation of the
second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed
there is no need. 10

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to
be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

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Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick: here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
 them gaze;
 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes
 my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
 livery: 60

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
 Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
 No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 To such a greeting: villain am I none:
 Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
 That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee, 71
 But love thee better than thou canst devise,
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
 And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
 As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!
 Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
 Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me? 79

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of
 your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal,
 and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the
 rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out
 of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine
 be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
 Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 90
 Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
 Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:
 Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio,
 and flies with his followers.*

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses ! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page ? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses ! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic ! Why the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, 110
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses !

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman ! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valor's steel ! 120

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead !
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back
again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, 130
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away! 140

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mer-
cutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this
fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. 150

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is
spilt

Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered 160
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo, he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than
his tongue, 170

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die. 180

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend; 189

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine;
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
 Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 200
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a wagoner
 As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That rude day's eyes may wink, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
 bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in
 night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd
 night, 20
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the-face of heaven so fine
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,

But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my
 nurse,
 And she brings news; and every tongue that
 speaks
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
 the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
 [*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring
 thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
 he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's
 dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can, 40
 Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
 thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'
 And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not I, if there be such an I;
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'
 If he be slain, say 'I;' or if not, no: 50
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
 eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart ! poor bankrupt, break
at once !

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty !
Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here ;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier ! 60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I
had !

O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead ?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord ?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished !
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70

Jul. O God ! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas the day, it did !

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering
face !

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
Dove-feather'd raven ! volvish-ravens lamb !
Despised substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain !
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace !

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man ? give me some aqua vitæ :
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
old.

Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue 90
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;

For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin ?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-
band ?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it ?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?

'That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-
band: 101

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that 'Tybalt would have
slain;

And 'Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then ?

Some word there was, worser than 'Tybalt's death,

'That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, 'O, it presses to my memory, 110

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;'

'That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's
dead,'

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, 119

Which modern lamentation might have moved ?

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

'Romeo is banished,' to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished !'

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe
sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine
shall be spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are be-
guiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man:

Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his
lips, 150

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say
‘death;’

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say ‘banishment.’

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish’d from the world,
And world’s exile is death: then banished, 20
Is death mis-term’d: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt’st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankful-
ness!

Thy fault our law calls death: but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush’d aside the law,
And turn’d that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. ’Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven and may look on her;

But Romeo may not: more validity,

More honorable state, more courtship lives

In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand

And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished: 40

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:

They are free men, but I am banished.

And say’st thou yet that exile is not death?

Hadst thou no poison mix’d, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne’er so
mean,

But ‘banished’ to kill me?—‘banished’?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;

Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but
speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armor to keep off that
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,

It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. 60

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no
ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[*Knocking within.*]

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide
thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there?

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study. By and by! God's will,

What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then. 80

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own
tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case! O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end
of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with
her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, 100
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast: 111

Unseemly woman in a seeming man !
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and
earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
meet

120

In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy
wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit:

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cher-
ish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130

Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy; 140
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;

Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time 150
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the
 night
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! 160
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
 chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
 sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands
 all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time 170
 Every good hap to you that chances here:
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
 Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter:
 Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been abed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to
 woo.

Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow; 10

To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love; And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next— But, soft ! what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ! ha, ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her, 20 She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?

We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then. 30

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho !

Afore me ! it is so very very late,

That we may call it early by and by.

Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, above, at the window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. 10
I must begone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so,
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, begone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now begone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and
dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.* 40

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life
out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*He goeth down.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love, lord, ay, husband, friend !

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo !

Rom. Farewell !

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O, God I have an ill-divining soul !

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, Adieu !

[*Exit.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee
fickle: 60

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle, fortune:

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter ! are you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? is it my lady mother ?

Is she not down so late, or up so early ?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet !

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ? 70

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. 80

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death.

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram, 91

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors 100

To hear him named, and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father-
child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, 110
That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thurs-
day morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 121
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body 131

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave?

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate:

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this? 150

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'

And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad: day,
night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been 179
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love;
I am too young: I pray you, pardon me.'
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with
me: 190

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the
streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good;
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away ! 200
Delay this marriage for a month, a week:
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God !—O nurse, how shall this be pre-
vented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me. 210
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a lovely gentleman! 220

Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much. 230

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor; 239

Thou and my bosom shall henceforth be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,

May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it
should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday
next. 20

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your
face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite. 31

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it: 51

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60

Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honor bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house, 81
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud:
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow: 90
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, 100
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning
comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier 110
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and
prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two
Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll
try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot
lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [*Exit Sec. Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20
And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up:

This is as't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; 41
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.*

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you; 10
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
 Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life:
 I'll call them back again to comfort me:
 Nurse! What should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
 Come, phial. 20

What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Still I be married then to-morrow morning?
 No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

[*Laying down her dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
 Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
 in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd: 41
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:—
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
 bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*]

SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
 pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go you, cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd
ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. 10

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs,
and baskets.*

Now, fellow,
What's there?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. *[Exit First
Serv.]* Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. *[Exit.]*

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson,
ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight, 21
For so he said he would: I hear him near.

[Music within.]

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.**Enter Nurse.*

Nurse. Mistress ! what, mistress ! Juliet ! fast,
 I warrant her, she:
 Why, lamb ! why, lady ! fie, you slug-a-bed !
 Why, love, I say ! madam ! sweet-heart ! why,
 bride !

What, not a word ? you take your pennyworths
 now ;

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
 The County Paris hath set up his rest,
 That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
 Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep !
 I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam !
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed ; 10
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be ?

[Undraws the curtains.]

What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down
 again !

I must needs wake you : Lady ! lady ! lady !
 Alas, alas ! Help, help ! my lady's dead !
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !
 Some aqua vitæ, ho ! My lord ! my lady !

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

La. Cap. O me, O me ! My child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee ! 20
 Help, help ! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is
 come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack
 the day !

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,
 she's dead !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her : out, alas ! she's
 cold ;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time! 30

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with*
Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to
church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's. 40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morn-
ing's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hate-
ful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day, 50
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now 60
 To murder, murder our solemnity?
 O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
 Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
 And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's
 cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
 And all the better is it for the maid:
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70
 The most you sought was her promotion;
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She's not well married that lives married long;
 But she's best married that dies married young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is, 80
 In all her best array bear her to church:
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral;
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary. 90

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with
 him;

And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes,
 and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended. 101

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease:' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis 40 time to play now. 110

Pet. You will not, then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me? 121

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music with her silver sound'— 130
why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost? 139

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry your mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:

'Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.' [*Exit.*

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same.

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Mantua. A street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,

That I revived, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd; 10

When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, booted.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?

How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;

For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,

And her immortal part with angels lives.

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20

And presently took post to tell it you:

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,

Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars:
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone;
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight. 40
[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
'An if a man did need a poison now, 50
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art
poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have

A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear 60
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fired
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
 law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretched-
 ness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes, 70
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
 The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
 souls, 80

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
 sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.

Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me

To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar
 John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
 One of our order, to associate me,
 Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us
 forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bear my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
 The letter was not nice but full of charge
 Of dear import, and the neglecting it
 May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
 Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone:
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
 She will beshrew me much that Romeo
 Hath had no notice of these accidents;
 But I will write again to Mantua,
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
 Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging
 to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a
 torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and
 stand aloof:
 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
 Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
 Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
 But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,

As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand
alone 10

Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed
I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd b,
moans:

The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch,
mattock, etc.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face; 29
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea. 39

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

[*Opens the tomb.*

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died; 51
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.* 70

Page. O lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
 Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode ? I think
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
 Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
 To think it was so ? O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
 A grave ? O, no ! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the tomb.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death : O, how may I 90
 Call this a lightning ? O my love ! my wife !
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
 O, what more favor can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy ? 100
 Forgive me, cousin ! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair ? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorr'd monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your
 last !

Arms, take your last embrace ! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death !
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
 Here's to my love ! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary !
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120
[*Dies.*]

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft
 to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! Who's
 there ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
 you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my
 friend,
 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my mas-
 ter,
 One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it ?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there ?

Bal. Full half an hour. 130

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir :
 My master knows not but I am gone hence ;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then : I'll go alone. Fear comes
 upon me :

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
 I dreamt my master and another fought,
 And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo !

[*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 140
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?

What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolor'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind
hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

[*Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo? 150

[*Noise within.*

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from
that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], I dare no
longer stay. 159

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

[*Exit Fri. L.*

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy
dagger!

[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and
let me die. 170

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search
 about the churchyard:
 Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
 Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
 And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.
 Go, tell the prince; run to the Capulets:
 Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes 180
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found
 him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince
 come hither.

*Re-enter others of the Watch, with FRIAR
 LAURENCE.*

Third Watch. Here's a friar, that trembles,
 sighs, and weeps:
 We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar
 too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
 abroad? 190

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
 Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
 With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our
 ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County
 Paris slain;
 And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
 Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man; *

With instruments upon them, fit to open 200
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom?

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down. 209

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes, 219
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful
wife:

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-
day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me, 239

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean

To rid her from this second marriage,

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight

Return'd my letter back. Then all alone

At the prefix'd hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault:

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But when I came, some minute ere the time

Of her awaking, here untimely lay

The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, 260

And bear this work of heaven with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,

Unto the rigor of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. 270

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.

Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place? 280

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And by and by my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. 290

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love,

And I for winking at your discords too

Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:

This is my daughter's jointure, for no more

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;

That while Verona by that name is known, 300

There shall no figure at such rate be set

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;

Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.* 310

TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON of Athens.

LUCIUS,

LUCULLUS, } flattering lords.

SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,

LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.

SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,

PHILOTUS,

TITUS,

LUCIUS,

HORTENSIUS,

And others. }

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers. } servants to Timon's creditors.

PHRYNIA,

TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Athens, and the neighboring woods.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,

Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as
it were, 10

To an untirable and continue goodness:

He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the lord Timon,
sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for
that—

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for
recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some
dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 20
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book
forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace 30
Speaks his own standing ! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the
gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!

Pain. Look, more! 41

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood
of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. 50

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging
Subdues and properties to his love and tendence
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced
flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down 60
The knee before him and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labor on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame; 69

Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment 79
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of
mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show 90
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of For-
tune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt,

His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honorable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather to shake off 100
My friend when he must need me. I do know
him

A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free
him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his
ransom;

And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honor! [*Exit.*]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father. 110

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man be-
fore thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further? 120

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself; 130
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts
of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in fu-
ture, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me
long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honor on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never
may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and old Athenian.*]

Port. Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me
anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;

And you shall find I like it: wait attendance 161
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well
know,

Things of like value differing in the owners 170
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the weating it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the com-
mon tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here; will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle stay thou for thy good
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest. 180

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by thy
name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not
like Timon. 190

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it? 200

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'ldst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords: so they come by great bellies. 210

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labor.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet! 220

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so. 230

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labor; he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

240

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.
Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

251

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these
sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred
out

Into baboon and monkey.

260

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I
feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time,
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still
omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's
feast? 270

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat
fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I
mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;
make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence! 281

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the
ass. [Exit.

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of
gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding 290
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
we in?

First Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A banquetting-room in Timon's house.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet
served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then
enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Sena-
tors, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping
after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.
Ven.* Most honor'd Timon,

It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's
 age,
 And call him to long peace.
 He has gone happy, and has left me rich:
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,
 Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
 I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
 Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
 I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
 If our betters play at that game, we must not
 dare

To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,
 [*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]
 Ceremony was but devised at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs
 none.

Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
 Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.* 20

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd
 it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have
 you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;
 You shall not make me welcome:
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humor
 there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
 They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est;' but
 yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a
 table by himself, for he does neither affect com-
 pany, nor is he fit for't, indeed. 31

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon: I
 come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athen-

ian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; 51
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes;

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire: 60

This and my food are equals; there's no odds: Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself;
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em. 70
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends. 79

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em !

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 90

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weapest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much ! *[Tucket, within.]*

Tim. What means that trump ?

Enter a Servant.

How now ? 120

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ! what are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste ! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron : and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom : th' ear, 131
Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy table
rise ;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all ; let 'em have kind admittance :

Music, make their welcome. *[Exit Cupid.]*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. 140

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves ?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 150

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of
TIMON; and to show their loves, each singles out
an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a
lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the
best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would
not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends
you: 160

Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet! *[Aside.]*
There is no crossing him in 's humor;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he
could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit.]

First Lord. Where be our men?

171

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you: look you, my
good lord,

I must entreat you, honor me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the
senate 180

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honor,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why then, another time I'll hear
thee;

I prithee, let's be provided to show them enter-
tainment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honor, Lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news? 191

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honor-
able gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your
company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has
sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be re-
ceived,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, 200
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:

His promises fly so beyond his state
 That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
 For every word: he is so kind that he now
 Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
 Well, would I were gently put out of office
 Before I were forced out !

Happier is he that has no friend to feed
 Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. 210
 I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves
 Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
 merits:

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I
 will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
 Good words the other day of a bay courser
 I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.

Sec. Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my
 lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know,
 no man 220

Can justly praise but what he does affect:
 I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
 I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:
 It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord. 231

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights !

First Lord. The best of happiness,
 Honor and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon !

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*]

Apem. What a coil's here !

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums !

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

'That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. 'Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps and vain-glories? 249

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So:

Thou wilt not hear me now: thou shalt not then:
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery ! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Senator's house.*

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste ? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,

And able horses. No porter at his gate, 10

But rather one that smiles and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !
 Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
 Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
 With slight denial, nor then silenced when—
 ‘Commend me to your master’—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love and honor him,
 But must not break my back to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be toss’d and turn’d to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing, 30
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. ‘I go, sir!’—Take the bonds along with
 you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of ex-
 pense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
 - How things go from him, nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue: never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:

I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what, You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too? 10

Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here come the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off To the succession of new days this month: 20

My master is awaked by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks 30

And past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord; And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honor?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, 40
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well enter-
tain'd. [*Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog! 50

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come
away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your back
already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on
him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor
rogues, and usurer's men! bawds between gold
and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do
not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does
your mistress? 70

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably. 80

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd. 89

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not: I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurer's men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one. 109

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime't appears like a lord: sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in. 121

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime the philosopher. 131

[Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.]

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense, -
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister, 149
Thou to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid nie
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have

Prompted you in the ebb of your estate 150
 And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
 Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a
 time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues: the future comes apace:
 What shall defend the interim? and at length
 How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend. 160

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
 How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or false-
 hood,

Call me before the exactest auditors
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
 Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with min-
 strelsy, 170

I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
 And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
 lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
 This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
 Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
 Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
 Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
 No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
 lack,
 To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
 are crown'd, 190

That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
 Within there! Flaminus! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will despatch you severally; you to
 Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted
 with his honor to-day: you, to Sempronius: com-
 mend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say,
 that my occasions have found time to use 'em
 toward a supply of money: let the request be
 fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus?
 hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
 Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
 Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the in-
 stant
 A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold—
 For that I knew it the most general way—
 To them to use your signet and your name; 210
 But they do shake their heads, and I am here
 No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate
 voice,
 That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
 Do what they would; are sorry—you are honor-
 able,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
 Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
 May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis
 pity;—

And so, intending other serious matters,
 After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
 With certain half-caps and cold moving nods
 They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them !
 Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
 Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
 [*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee,
 be not sad, 229

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee. [*To Ser.*] Ventidius
 lately

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
 Into a great estate: when he was poor,
 Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from
 me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remem-
 ber'd

With those five talents. [*Exit Ser.* [*To Flav.*]
 That had, give't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought
 is bounty's foe;
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in Lucullus' house.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. *Enter a servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming
 down to you

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? II

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 21

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius.

Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee! 51

[*Throwing the money back.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honor, has my lord's meat in him: 60
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that,

not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Ser. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable man! there was very little honor showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor. My honored lord,—

[*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honorable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents. 41

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honorable! how unluckily it

happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shruik indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*]

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran.

Ay, too well. 70

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and
just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been the lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!— 80
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran.

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend: yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue—
And honorable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation, 90
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart; but, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
 For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A room in Sempronius' house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't,—hum !—
 'bove all others ?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
 They have all been touch'd and found base metal,
 for
 They have all denied him.

Sem. How ! have they denied him ?
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him ?
 And does he send to me ? Three ? hum !
 It shows but little love or judgment in him: 10
 Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like phy-
 sicians,
 Thrice give him over: must I take the cure upon
 me ?
 'Has much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him,
 That might have known my place: I see no sense
 for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er received gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last ? No:
 So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
 To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
 I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I'd such a courage to do him good. But now
 return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;
 Who hates mine honor shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master. 40

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants of TIMON'S creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius !

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think

One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Laboring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money. 20

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum, 30

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.* 40

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so ?

He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir ?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough,

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat ? 50

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up ;

Let me pass quietly :

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end ;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you ;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.

First Var. Serv. How ! what does his cashiered worship mutter ? 61

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what ; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in ? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius ; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't ; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent : his comfortable temper has forsook him ; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick :

And, if it be so far beyond his health,

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods,

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir,

Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage? 80

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place where I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc, Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc, Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills, 90

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to
the girdle.

Luc, Serv. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc, Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What
yours?—and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you! [*Exit.* 100

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money; these debts may well
be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me,
the slaves.

Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord. 110

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:

All, sirrah, all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it;
the fault's

Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants.

Alcib. Honor, health, and compassion to the
senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honor in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe: 20
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains as if they labor'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valor; which indeed
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born: 30
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:

To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain. 41

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quite cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valor in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;

But who is man that is not angry ?

Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ! his service done

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that ?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valor did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;

He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often

Drowns him, and takes his valor prisoner:

If there were no foes, that were enough 70

To overcome him: in that beastly fury

He has been known to commit outrages,

And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,

His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him—

Though his right arm might purchase his own time

And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:

And, for I know your reverend ages love 80

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honors to you, upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,

On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords, I do beseech you, know me. 90

Sec. Sen. How !

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What !

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee forever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly. 100

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens
contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to
swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A banquetting-room in
Timon's house.*

Music. Tables set out; Servants attending. Enter
divers Lords, Senators and others, at several
doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to yon, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this
honorable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring,

when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting. 9

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go. 20

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship. 30

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger. 41

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honorable lord, I am e'en

sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,— 51

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes !

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you ? What's the news ?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it ? 61

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished !

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How ! how !

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold ? will 't hold ? 70

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen

of them be—as they are. The rest of your foes,
O gods—the senators of Athens, together with
the common lag of people—what is amiss in
them, you gods, make suitable for destruction.
For these my present friends, as they are to me
nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing
are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full
of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; 100
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. 111

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Ti-
mon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown. 120

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought

but humor sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones. 130

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds,
next day stones. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,

That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turn incontinent!

Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filth
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bond servants,
steal! 10

Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic-awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Declining to your confounding contraries, 20
And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners ! Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrow of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
 Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath, 30
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town !
 Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
 The Athenians both within and out that wall !
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low ! 40
 Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's
 our master ?

Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to
 you ?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke !
 So noble a master fall'n ! All gone ! and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him !

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
 From our companion thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
 Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd ; and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and
say,

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would no wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who would be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again ? 40
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar
men.

My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out:

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. 50

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *Woods and cave near the seashore.*

Enter TIMON, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10
The beggar native honor.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd 20
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains;
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? no, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?
Why, this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
 Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves

And give them title, knee and approbation

With senators on the bench; this is it

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices 40

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a

drum? Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.

Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
 thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man! 50

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful
 to thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I
 know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel: 60

Then what should war be? This fell whore of
 thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phry.

Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot return
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to ~~th~~
change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to
give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to 70
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,
for thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, con-
found thee, for thou art a man !

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now: then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world 80

Voiced so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked
youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his
wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it. 100

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one: 110

Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;

He is an usurer; strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 120

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;

Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestmests bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
thou givest me,

Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's
curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon:
hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her
trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you
sluts,

Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; 141
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six
months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin
roofs

With burthens of the dead;—some that were
hang'd,

No matter;—wear them, betray with them: whore
still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.

A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what
then?

Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man: strike their sharp
shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly; hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to forsee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald; 160

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timon. More counsel with more
money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens!
Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and
take

Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia,
and Timandra.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkind-
ness,

Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue, 181
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears:
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above 191
 Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
 leas:

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a
 dog, 200

Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
 place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
 Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid
 welcome

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
 That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my like-
 ness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
 thyself; 220
 A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd
 trees,
 That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip where thou point'st out? will the cold
 brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night surfeit? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements exposed, 230
 Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
 O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did,

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou 240
 Dost it enforcedly; thou'ldst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
 The one is filling still, never complete;
 The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250
 With favor never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, pro-
 ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thy-
self

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary, 260
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou
hate men? 269

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou
given?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem.

Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem.

I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this! 281
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem.

Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him a root.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thy-
self.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest; 290
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or,
rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew
my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes. 299

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when
thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they
mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags
thou knowest none, but art despised for the con-
trary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed now.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner,
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.
What man didst thou ever know unthrift that
was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest
of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some
means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers? 319

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the
things themselves. What would'st thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the

confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to ! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation !

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Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

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Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon !

Apem. A plague on thee ! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off !

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog ! 371
Choler does kill me that thou art alive ;

I swoond to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst !

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy gravestone daily : make thine epitaph, 380

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear
divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !

Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss ! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts ! 390

Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire !

Apem. Would 'twere so !

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold :

'Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to !

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.
 Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender oit of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not-for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he? 410

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; 420

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips:

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
 Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft 430
 In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the
 grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives to-
 gether;

Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief, 440
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
 power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves:
 away,

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut
 throats:

All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal, 450
 But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
 Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my
 profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that
 he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our
 mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and
 give over my trade. 460

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens:
 there is no time so miserable but a man may be
 true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord ?
 Full of decay and failing ? O monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !
 What an alteration of honor
 Has desperate want made !
 What viler thing upon the earth than friends 470
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies !
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me than those that
 do !

Has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life. My dearest maste !

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, si ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all
 men; 480

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all
 I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ? Come nearer.

Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 490
 Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
 But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
 weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
 To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth
 lasts

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
 It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man 500

Was born of woman.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
 One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
 No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
 How fain would I have hated all mankind !
 And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
 I fell with curses.
 Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me, 510
 Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
 For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal
 gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master: in whose
 breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
 You should have fear'd false times when you did
 feast: 520

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
 That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
 My most honor'd lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so ! Thou singly honest
 man, 530

Here, take: the gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and
 happy:

But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men:
 Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow
 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like blasted
woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, 540
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON watching them
from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be
far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the
rumor hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia
and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise en-
richest poor straggling soldiers with great quan-
tity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty
sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but
a try for his friends. II

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm
in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.
Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to
him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show
honestly in us; and is very likely to load our
purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just
and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation:
only I will promise him an excellent piece. 21

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an
intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very
air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation;
performance is ever the duller for his act; and,

but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*]

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What
a god's gold, 50
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the
foam,

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, 60

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:
What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being ! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are, 71
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our
service.

Tim. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I
requite you ?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you
service.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I
have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest
men. 80

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men ! Thou draw'st a
counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best:
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy
fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault: 90
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honor
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-
semble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured 100
That's he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you
gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two in
company;
Each man apart, all single and alone, 110
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If where thou art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold,
ye slaves:
[*To Painter*] You have work'd for me; there's
payment for you: hence!
[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist; make gold of
that.
Out, rascal dogs! [*Beats them out, and then re-
tires to his cave.*]

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon;
For he is set so only to himself, 120
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.
First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. 129
Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun that comfort'st, burn ! Speak,
and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
the plague, 140
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 150
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd sender,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 160
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,— 170

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
thus:

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as
they pass through them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great tri-
umphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them, 200

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends, 210
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still
shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works and death their gain !

Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Retires to his cave.*]

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us 230
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are
his files
As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The woods. Timon's cave, and a
rude tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.* 10

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and
breathed

Our suffrance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more:' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease, 11
And pury insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means: 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools
should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread: 30
By decimation, and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined
tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall.
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honor else, 50
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbor in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own

Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
 Fall and no more: and, to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning, not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be render'd to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
 And on his gravestone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads the epitaph*] 'Here lies a wretched
 corse, of wretched soul bereft: 70
 Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
 caitiffs left !

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did
 hate:

Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not
 here thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
 Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
 Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets
 which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead 80
 Is noble Timon: of whose memory
 Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword,
 Make war breed peace, make peace stint war,
 make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } triumvirs after the
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } death of Julius
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Cæsar.
 CICERO, }
 PUBLIUS, } senators.
 POPILIUS LENA, }
 MARCUS BRUTUS, }
 CASSIUS, }
 CASCA, } conspirators against
 TREBONIUS, } Julius Cæsar.
 LIGARIUS, }
 DECIUS BRUTUS, }
 METELLUS CIMBER, }
 CINNA, }
 FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.
 ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of
 rhetoric.
 A Soothsayer.
 CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.
 LUCILIUS, }
 TITINIUS, } friends to Brutus and
 MESSALA, } Cassius.
 Young CATO, }
 VOLUMNIUS, }
 VARRO, }
 CLITUS, } servants to Brutus.
 CLAUDIUS, }
 STRATO, }
 LUCIUS, }
 DARDANIUS, }
 PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Rome: the neighborhood of Sardis: the neighborhood of Philippi.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 11

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope; I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow! " 21

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork. 30

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things ! 40

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
'That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, 50
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores ?

And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now call out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude. 60

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners.]

See whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
'This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. 70

Mar. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
'These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's
wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men, 79
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia !

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia !

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius !

Ant. Cæsar, my lord ?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd. 10

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Flourish.*

Sooth. Cæsar !

Cæs. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet
again !

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar !' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
March. 19

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some
part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference, 40
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect;
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus 60
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to
hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear,
the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it? 80
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
well. 11

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death. 89

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110
 Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink !'
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
 Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their color fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
 world

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, 'it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world 130
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that 'Cæsar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy: conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, 149
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time 169
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius! 190

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! But I fear him
not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid 200
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Excunt Cæsar and all his Train,
but Casca.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-
day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what has chanced. 219

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that: but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay. 280

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 291

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick metal when he went to school. 300

Cas. So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,
 However he puts on this tardy form.
 This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
 Which gives men stomach to digest his words
 With better appetite.

Brut. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
 To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
 I will come home to you; or, if you will,
 Come home to me, and I will wait for you. 310

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
 Thy honorable metal may be wrought
 From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
 For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
 If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
 He should not humor me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw, 320
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name: wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
 And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
 CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar
 home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway
 of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
 But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well
 by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
 Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
 Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me: and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noonday upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
 'These are their reasons; they are natural;' 30
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, Casca: this disturbed
 sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.* 40

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
 is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself 51
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempe
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of
life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 60
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are
dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-mor-
row

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius: 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Casca. So can I: 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans

To undergo with me an enterprise
 Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element
 In favor's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
 in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus
 Cimper?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
 this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this
 paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimper; and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
 See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of
him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho !
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say.
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say ! what, Lucius .

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him, 11
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—
that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
 quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30
 Would run to these and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. *[Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
 Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
 Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'
 Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up. 50
 'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
 Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
 'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee
 promise;

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocking within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks.

[Exit Lucius. 60]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in counsel; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the doo,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone? 70

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir: their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let 'em enter. *[Exit Lucius.]*
They are the faction, O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS,
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man
here 90

But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you,
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metel-
lus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? 100

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day
break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both de-
ceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the
north

He first presents his fire; and the high east 110
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,

What need we any spur but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? what other bond
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath
 Than honesty to honesty engaged,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with
 him; 150

For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
 Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 160
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
 Cassius,
 To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
 Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170
 Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
 For in the engrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
 If he loves Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
 And that were much he should; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. 191
 [Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers, 200
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent, 210
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the utter-
most?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:.
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave
you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por.

Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've urgently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across, 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Bear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical 261
To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know
this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shali partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius,
who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with
you. 310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome! 321
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must
make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to
walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threat-
en'd me 10
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen; 30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 60
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and por-
tents, 80

And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within;

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will; [*Aside*] and so near will
I be,

That your best friend shall wish I had been
farther.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same.

O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus
Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind

in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, • ARTEMIDORUS.
Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 11
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me.

I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate
sitting above.*

*A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and
the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRU-
TUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TRE-
BONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS,
PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer*] The ides of March
are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule. *

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the
street?

Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest
following.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant;

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go.
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second
him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your
hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet
words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshaked of motion; and that I am he, 70
 Let me a little show it, even in this;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me !

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and
 Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute ! Then fall, Cæsar ! [*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !' 81

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
 Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
 Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good
 cheer:

There is no harm intended to your person, 90
 Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the peo-
 ple,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
 As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!' 110

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels 120
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of
Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest:
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
 I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 140
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
 Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
 friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewedly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, 151
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made
 rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
 smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands and this our present act,
 You see we do, yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome— 170
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
 Antony:

Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
 Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
 bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say? 190
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart,

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie! 210

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was,
 indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all and love you all, 220
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reason
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
 Our reasons are so full of good regard
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
 And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
 [*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do
 not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it
 not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar.
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,— 259
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the minds of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 289
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of
Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: si-
lence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: —Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus ! live, live !

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence ! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: 61
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark
Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.* 70

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus ?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can
say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them; 80
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
 For Brutus is an honorable man;
 So are they all, all honorable men—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me: 90
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
 wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal 100
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause withholds you then, to mourn for
 him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts, 109
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his
 sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would
 not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear
 abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire
with weeping. 120

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome
than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to
speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose 130
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark
Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's
will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad: 149

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, An-
tony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay
awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
 I fear I wrong the honorable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will. 160

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? and will you give leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*]

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body. 169

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii:
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 181
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
 heart; 190

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woeful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
 Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

210

First Cit. Peace, there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
 die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it: they are wise and hon-
 orable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

221

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
 mouths,

229

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what: 240

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
 To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience. 250

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. 260
 Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. [*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
 Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, 271
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter CINNA, the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly. 10

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 21

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator. 31

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house:

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender: 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, orts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means
stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies; 49
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark ! he is arrived. 30

[*Low march within.*
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand !

Sec. Sol. Stand !

Third Sol. Stand !

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine enemies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; 40

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm; 10
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corrup-
tion,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I, 30
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my-
self;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther,

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all
this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud
heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch Under your testy humor? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier: Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well: for mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; I said, an elder soldier, not a better: Did I say 'better'?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, For I am arm'd so strong in honesty That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me: For I can raise no money by vile means: 71 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection: I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me: was that done like Cas-
sius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
 Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
 My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
 A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
 faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
 appear 91

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart 101
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst
 him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb 110
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me
your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so.

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the gen-
erals;

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and
LUCIUS.*

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you
mean? 130

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
be:

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows his
time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is
dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you
so?

O insupportable and touching loss! 151

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl
of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; 161
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you
Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. 180
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,
Messala: 190

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Phillippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us; 199

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection:
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged:
From which advantage shall we cut him off, 210
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note be-
side,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown.

[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men:

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good
sirs; 250

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give
it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir. 260

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
 I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
 This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
 That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good
 night; 269

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd
 down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me what thou art. 281

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at
 Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
 Claudius! 291

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
 Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
 criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any
 thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius !
 [*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake ! 301

Var. My lord ?

Clau. My lord ?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

Clau. Var. Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cas-
 sius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
 And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. 309
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
 You said the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions;
 It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20
[*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
good words: 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet; •
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ;

50

I draw a sword against conspirators ;

When think you that the sword goes up again ?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honor-
able.

60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller !

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct.

Come, Antony, away !

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

Lucil.

[*Standing forth*] My lord ?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala !

Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

71

This is my birth-day ; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong

And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

80

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us :
 This morning are they fled away and gone ;
 And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ; go
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
 Let's reason with the worse that may befall.
 If we do this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ? 100

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself, I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life: arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Through the streets of Rome ? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble
 Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
 Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius !
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus !

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 121
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man
 might know
 The end of this day's business ere it come!
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
 bills
 Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
 early;
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: 10
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
 Titinius;
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,

Mount thou thy horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights
too.

He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for
joy. 31

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath: 40

Now be a free man: and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*]

Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. 50
[Exit.

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon con-
ceived,

Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pin-
darus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit Messala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
 their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part: 89
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Kills himself.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
 CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body
 lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato, He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato, Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cas-
 sius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible that ever Rome 100
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more
 tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
 Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
 Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die;
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.)

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; 30
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
 How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
 VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
 this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my
 lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the
 word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispers.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the
 world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a
 word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you,
Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history: 40

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!']

Cli. Fly, my lord.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. *[Runs on his sword.]* Cæsar, now be still: 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *[Dies.]*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away, 80
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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AND
WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

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MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.
MALCOLM, { his sons.
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, { generals of the king's army.
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSS, } noblemen of Scotland.
MENTEITH, }
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of
the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff,
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier.
A Porter.
An Old Man.
LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murder-
ers, Attendants and Messengers.

SCENE—Scotland: England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch.

Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin !

Sec Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon. 10

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DON-
ALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a
bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that ? He can re-
port,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood :
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
wald—

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave; 20
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
come

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark:

No sooner justice had with valor arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
heels,

But the Norweyan lords surveying vantage, 31
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks, so
* they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds:

They smack of honor both. Go get him sur-
geons. [*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthythane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthythane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50
With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-
ceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exit.

SCENE III. A heath near Forres.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in
her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—

'Give me,' quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other.

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary se'nnights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet he shall be tempest-tost.
 Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum ! 30
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about:
 Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again to make up nine.
 Peace ! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are
 these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to under-
 stand me,

By each at once her chappy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee,
 thane of Glamis !

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee,
 thane of Cawdor !

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be
 king hereafter ! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to
 fear

Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of
 truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though
thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more: 70

By Sinel's death, I know I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? thethane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge
you. [*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they van-
ish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. Andthane of Cawdor too: went it
not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads 90
'Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
'Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Caw-
dor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet:
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
bined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treason's capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*]
Thanks for your pains.

[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall
be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is 141
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king,
why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor: my dull brain was
wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains 150

Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENNOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed, 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS and ANGUS,
O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less de-
served,

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties

Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing

Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for
you;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland!
that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; 50
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so val-
iant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.**Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
 Art not without ambition, but without 20
 The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst
 highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have,
 great Glamis,
 That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou
 have it;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee
 hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise with the valor of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which faith and metaphysical aid doth seem 30
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.*Lady M.*

Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is
coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. *[Exit Messenger.]*

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse.
That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering min-
isters,

Wherever in your sightless substances 50
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick

night,
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence? 60

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our days and nights to come 70
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further. -

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS,
ANGUS, and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Upon our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle;
Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-
served,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honor'd hostess! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor? 20
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers
Servants with dishes and service, and pass over
the stage. Then enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now ! what news ?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you
 left the chamber ?

Mach. Hath he asked for me ?

Lady M. Know you not he has ? 30

Mach. We will proceed no further in this busi-
 ness:

He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely. From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valor 40
 As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting 'I dare not,' wait upon 'I would,'
 Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

Mach. Prithee, peace:
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me ?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would 50
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon 70
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy 75
two

Of his own chamber and use their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feast. 80
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

10

Mach. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great larges to your offices.

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

Mach.

Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban.

All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20

To you they have show'd some truth.

Mach.

I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban.

At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when
'tis,
It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you ! 30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from a heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his de-
sign
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set
earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my wereabout,
 And take the present horror for the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he
 lives: 60

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 [*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
 hath made me bold;
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
 Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
 about it;

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd
 their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who's there? what, ho! 9

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
 And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept I had don't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not
 hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the
 crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M.

Donalbain. 20

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and
one cried 'Murder !'

That they did wake each other: I stood and
heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us !' and 'Amen'
the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us !'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
'Amen' ?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep
no more !

Macbeth doth murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great natures' second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more !' to all
the house : 41

'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Caw-
dor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no
more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more: 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine
eyes. 59

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color, but I
shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I
hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*]
Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, 70
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself. [*Knocking within.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.**Knocking within. Enter a Porter.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed ! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub ? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty : come in time ; have napkins enow about you ; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock ! Who's there, in the other devil's name ? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale ; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there ? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose : come in, tailor ; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock ; never at quiet ! What are you ? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon ! I pray you remember the porter.

*[Opens the gate.]**Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late ?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock : and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke ?

30

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance : therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes

him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him. 40

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him,

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet. 50

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
death, 61

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue not heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee !

Macb. } What's the matter ? 70
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece !

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building !

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon : do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake !

Ring the alarm-bell. Murder and treason !
Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake ! 80
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself ! up, up, and see
The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror ! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak !

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear, 90
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd !

Lady M. Woe, alas !
What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees 100
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't:

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them. 111

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate
and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood:

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur-
derers,

Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could re-
frain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our
tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken
here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?

Let's away; 129

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence

Against the undivulged pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. 140

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune

Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,

There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot

Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150

But shift away: there's warrant in that theft

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Outside Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most
strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
make

War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine
eyes

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff. 20

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;

Malcom and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already named, and gone to
Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with
those 40

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
'Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desired your good
advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd 30

In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

[*Exit Banquo.* 40

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with
you !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an attendant.*]

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*]

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 50
Reigns that which would be fear'd; 'tis much he
dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings: 60
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come fate into the list, 71
And champion me to the utterance ! Who's there ?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was he in the times past which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation with
 you, 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
 instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that
 might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature
 That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
 And beggar'd yours forever.

First Mur. We are men, my liege. 91

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
 curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are clept

All by the name of dogs: the valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one

According to the gift which bounteous nature

Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill 100

That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,

Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't;

And I will put that business in your bosoms,

Whose execution takes your enemy off,

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our wealth but sickly in his life,

Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110

I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Mach. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Mach. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives--

Mach. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, 130
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Mach. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.* 140

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The palace.**Enter* LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.[*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content:
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have
 died

10

With them they think on? Things without all
 remedy

Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd
 it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
 worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

21

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further.

Lady M.

Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be
 you:

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 38
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
 wife !

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not
 eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
 Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown 40
 His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's sum-
 mons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
 done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
 chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
 night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens; and the
 crow 50

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse:
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
 rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
 So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A park near the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us ?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho !

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are in the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does
usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*]

Ban. O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
fly, fly !

Thou mayest revenge. O slave !

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light ?

First Mur. Was't not the way ?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is
fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much
is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees: sit down:
at first

And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst: to
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*]

There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet
he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's
safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Mach. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's
fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-
morrow

We'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at
home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Mach. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.
[*The ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in
Macbeth's place.*

Mach. Here had we now our country's honor
roof'd, 40
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your
highness

To grace us with your royal company

Mach. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Mach. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves
your highness?

Mach. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Mach. Thou canst not say I did it: never
shake 50

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not
well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat:

The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff ! 60

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Imposters to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo !
how say you ?

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send 71
Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,

And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table, 89
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health 120
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak;

Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
his person

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house 131
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters;
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep. 141

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ! you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you
are,

Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?

And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:

Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside. 20
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:

Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites

As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:

And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*Music and a song within: 'Come away,
come away,' &c.*

Hark ! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead;
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance
kill'd,

For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should
find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Sward:

That, by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honors:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir,
not I,' 40

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the
time

That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling
caldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath
mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

Third Witch. Harpier cries, 'Tis time, 'tis
time.

First Witch. Round about the caldron go,
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under the cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; 10
Fire, burn, and caldron, bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble; 20
Fire, burn, and caldron, bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of
wolf.

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-stangled babe 30
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn, and caldron, bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains. 40
And now about the caldron sing,
Live elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*

[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks \

Enter MACBETH.

Mach. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags !
What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Mach. I conjure you, by that which you pro-
fess, 50
However you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees-blown
down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,
Or from our masters' ?

Mach. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten

Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show !

Thunder. *First Apparition: an armed Head.*

Mach. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !
beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
 thanks;
 Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word
 more,—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's
 another,
 More potent than the first.

Thunder. *Second Apparition: a bloody Child.*
Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh
 to scorn
 The power of man, for none of woman born 80
 Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of
 thee?
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
 And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. *Third Apparition: a Child crowned,
 with a tree in his hand.*
 What is this
 That rises like the issue of a king,
 And wears upon his baby-brow the round
 And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take
 no care 90
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
 Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
 Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
 good!
 Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100

Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his
hand; Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs. And thy
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

A third is like the former. Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; and some I see 120

That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:

Horrible sight! Now, I see 'tis true;

For the blood bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*

What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights:

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round; 130

That this great king may kindly say.

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.
with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool;

'This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us
not ;

He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
'The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself : but for your husband.
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
'The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further ;

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea 21
Each way and move. I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb up-
ward

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's father-
less.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ! 30
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'ldst never fear the
net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. 'Thou speak'st with all thy wit: and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honor I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here: hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; 70

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !

I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world ; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm ?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces ?

First Mur. Where is your husband ? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain !

First Mur. What, you egg !

[Stabbing him.

Young fry of treachery !

Son. He has kill'd me, mother :

Run away, I pray you ! [Dies.

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying ' Murder ! '

Exeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III. *England. Before the king's palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail,

What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 90
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him
well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon: 20

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors, 29
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou
thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house: 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge

Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd. 90

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming
graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprouar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland ! 100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern !
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed ? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above 120

Deal between thee and me ! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray,
 'The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself: what I am truly, 131
 Is thine and my poor country's to command:
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you
 silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
 once

'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
 I pray you? 140

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched
 souls

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but at his touch—
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
 A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, 151
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not. 160

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes
remove

The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
ing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the
air

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170

Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker:

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did
leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't? 180

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for-
ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised: your wife and
babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all 211
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife kill'd too ?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones ?
Did you say all ? O hell-kite ! All ?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dame
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so; 220
But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven
look on,

And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! nought that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them
now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes 230
And braggart with my tongue ! But, gentle
heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may:

'The night is long that never finds the day. 240

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 9

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. 21

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands. 31

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark ! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot ! out, I say !—
One: two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is
murky !—Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ?
What need we fear who knows it, when none can
call our power to account ?—Yet who would have
thought the old man to have had so much blood
in him ?

Doct. Do you mark that ?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where
is she now ?—What, will these hands ne'er be
clean ?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o'
that: you mar all with this starting. 50

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you
should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am
sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still:
all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little hand. Oh, oh, oh !

Doct. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sore-
ly charged. 60

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my
bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet
I have known those which have walked in their
sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-
gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again,
Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ! there's knocking at
the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your
hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed,
to bed, to bed ! [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural
deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds 80
 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets;
 More needs she the divine than the physician.
 God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
 Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
 And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
 My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight:
 I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

*Drums and colors. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,
 ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by
 Malcom,
 His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
 Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
 Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
 Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
 Shall we well meet them; that way are they com-
 ing.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his
 brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
 Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
 And many unrough youths that even now 10
 Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
 Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
 Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
 He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
 Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
 His secret murders sticking on his hands;
 Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
 Those he commands move only in command,
 Nothing in love: now does he feel his title 20
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or, so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the
weeds. 30

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
colm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me
thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced
loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
 face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit* Servant.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
 When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have lived long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
 not.
 Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more? 30

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was re-
 ported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be
 hack'd.

Give me my armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses; skirr the country round;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
 armor.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That, keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?

Siw. We'll learn no other but the confident
tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope: 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: 20
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum
and colors.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be
ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*]

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit,*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair 11
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with hor-
rors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day 20
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, 30
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not
so:

Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,

There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
 I'gin to be aweary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
 done. 50
 Ring the alarum bell ! Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
 At least we'll die with harness on our back.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

*Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
 MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens
 throw down,
 And show like those you are. You, worthy
 uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
 Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
 all breath, 9
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake. I can-
 not fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
 hotter name
 Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my sword

10

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face !

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again unheeded. There thou shouldst be;

20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, fortune !

And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently rendered:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Excunt. Alarums.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.**Enter* MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou lovest labor:
As easy mayst thou the entrenchment air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; 11
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense; 20
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries ' Hold, enough !-
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums*

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors,
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes,
and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arrived.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt:

He only lived but till he was a man; 40
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead ?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he !

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, my knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow, 50
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:

They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him ! Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king ! Or so thou art: behold,
where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:

Hail, King of Scotland !

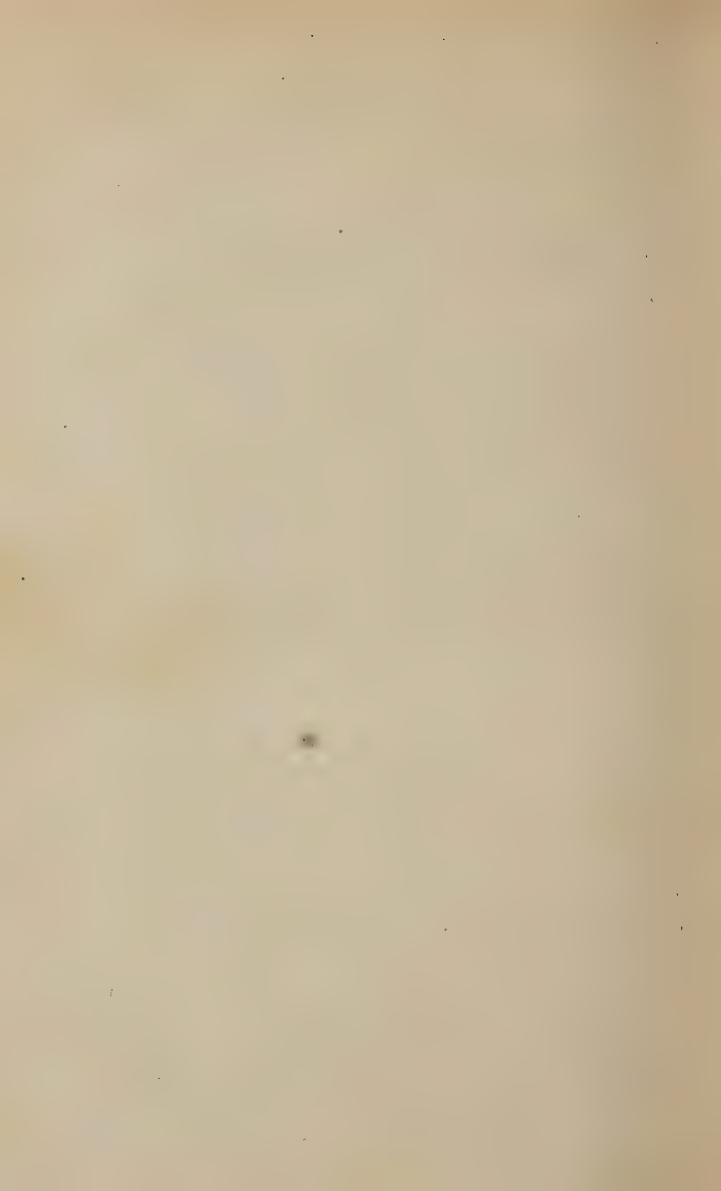
All. Hail, King of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of
time 60

Before we reckon with our several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 7:
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*



HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.

POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

MARCELLUS, } officers.

BERNARDO, }

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.

Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE—*Denmark.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platfrom before the castle.*

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring. 10

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [Exit.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus. 20

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile; 30
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the
pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it
comes again! 40

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's
dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it,
Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of
night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,
speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away! 50

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee,
speak! [*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look
pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armor he had on 60

When he the ambitious Norway combated;

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this
dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I
know not;

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,

'This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that
knows, 70

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land,

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day:

Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king, 80

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

'Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Ham-
let—

For so this side of our known world esteem'd
him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd com-
pact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands

Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent 90

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
 And carriage of the article design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't; which is no other—
 As it doth well appear unto our state— 101
 But to recover of us, by strong hand
 And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the
 king 110

That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun: and the moist star
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse: 120
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates
 And prologue to the omen coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
 But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me:
 If there be any good thing to be done, 130
 That may to thee do ease and grace to me,

Speak to me: [*Cock crosses.*]
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
 Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand. 141

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the show of violence;
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock
 crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine: and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long; 160
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
 Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 170
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning
know

Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room of state in the castle.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS,
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and
Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's
death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,— 10

With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20

Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 30

His further gait herein; in that the levies,
 The lists and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject: and we here despatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow.
 Farewell, and let your haste commend your
 duty.

Cor. } In that and all things will we show our
Vol. } duty. 40

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell
 [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg,
 Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord, 50
 Your leave and favor to return to France;
 From whence though willingly I came to Den-
 mark,

To show my duty in your coronation,
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What
 says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my
 slow leave

By laborsome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 60
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
 thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not forever with thy veiled lids

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Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
'Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not
'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term 91

To do obsequious sorrow; but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,
 'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father: for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne;
 And with no less nobility of love 110
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
 Hamlet:

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: 121
 Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
 'This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would
 melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ! 130
 Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !
 How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! ah fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
 nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother 140

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is
woman !—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she— 149
O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my
uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father
That I to Hercules: within a month:
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well: 160
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?
Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, 171
To make it trust of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father!—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? who? 190

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for awhile

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, 200

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;

And I with them the third night kept the watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and
good,

The apparition comes: I knew your father; 211
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought

It lifted up its head and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange. 220

Hor. As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true:

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. { We do, my lord.

Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. {

Ber. } Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. {

Ber. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly? 231

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in
anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred.

Mar. { Longer, longer.

Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no? 240

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 250
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more: 10

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends 20
The safety and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed, 40
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson
keep,

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, 50
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for
shame !

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with
thee !

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Be-
ware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
ment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my
lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go; your servants
tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the
lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought: 90

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and
bounteous:

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behooves my daughter and your honor.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
tenders

Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green
girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a
baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly;

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with
love 110

In honorable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
 You must not take for fire. From this time 120
 Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk
 Than may be given you; in few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
 Not of that dye which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 130
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Ham. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws
 near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot
 off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
 his rouse,
 Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
 reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out 11
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind, though I am native here
 And to the manner born, it is a custom
 More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel east and west
 Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish
 phrase
 Soil our addition; and indeed it takes 20
 From our achievements, though perform'd at
 height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chanches in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin—
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners, that these men, 30
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo—
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of evil
 Doth all the noble substance oft debase
 To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
 us !

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, 40
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
 hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou comest in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me !
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws, 50
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action 60
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood,
 my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 70
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness? think of it:
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.
 Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands. 80

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
 Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me !
I say, away ! Go on: I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 90

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the platform.*

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 10
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crinies done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine: 20
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list !
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder !

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings
 as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30
 May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
 hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul ! 40
 My uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
 beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce !—won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
 O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !
 From me, whose love was of that dignity
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline 50
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 Lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.
 But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon, 60
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 And with a sudden vigor it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine; 70
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible ! 80
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at
 once !
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire: 90
 Adieu, adieu ! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven ! O earth !
 what else ?
 And shall I couple hell ? O, fie ! Hold, hold,
 my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee !

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee !
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there; 101
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven !
 O most pernicious woman !
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a
 villain;
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is 'Adieu, adieu ! remember me.' 111
 I have sworn 't.

Mar. } [Within] My lord, my lord,—
 Hor. }

Mar. [Within] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within] Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it !

Hor. [Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O, wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord: 120

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man
 once think it ?

But you'll be secret ?

Hor. }
 Mar. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all
 Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man has business and desire, 130
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,
my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,
Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision
here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good
friends,

As you are friends, scholars and soldiers, 141
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen
to-night.

Hor. { My lord, we will not.

Mar. {

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already,

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? Art thou
there, truepenny? 150

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our
ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword. 160

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the
earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good
friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it wel-
come.
There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, 170
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if
we would,'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they
might,'

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear. 181

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They
swear.*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-
gether;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.* 190

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behavior.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they
keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of
him;

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him:' do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. 'And in part him; but' you may say 'not
well:

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so:' and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so
rank 20

As may dishonor him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Key. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,

Drabbing: you may go so far.

Key. My lord, that would dishonor him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency; 30

That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault.

Key. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Key. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working, 40

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured

He closes with you in this consequence;

'Good sir,' or so, 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'

According to the phrase or the addition

Of man and country.

Key. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—
what was I about to say? By the mass, I was
about to say something: where did I leave? 51

Key. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend
or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay,
marry;

He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman'

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as
you say,

'There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
'There falling out a tennis;' or perchance
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,' 60
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord! 70

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. Oh, my lord, my lord, I have been so
affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle; 80
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face 90

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
 And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me. 100

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
 Whose violent property fordoes itself
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings
 As oft as any passion under heaven
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters and denied
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. 110

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
 This must be known; which, being kept close,
 might move
 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
 STERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guilden-
 stern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,

The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put
him

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, 10
That, being of so young days brought up with
him,

And sith so neighbor'd to his youth and 'havior,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasure, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him
thus,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
of you;

And sure I am two men there are not living 20
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up yourselves, in the full bent 30
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guild-
enstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Ro-
sencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our
practices
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen. Ay, amen !

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some
Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good
lord,
Are joyfully return'd. 40

King. Thou still hast been the father of good
news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king;
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy. 49

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in. [*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and COR
NELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends !

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway ?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress 61
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
 Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
 Makes vow before his uncle never more 70
 To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
 And his commission to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack:
 With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprise,
 On such regards of safety and allowance
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well; 80

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Meantime we thank you for your well-took labor:
 Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
 Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, 90
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
 Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
 What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
 But let that go. - -

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
 And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect, 101
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defective comes by cause:
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 Purpend.

I have a daughter—have while she is mine—
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this: now, gather, and surmise.

[*Reads.*

‘To the celestial and my soul’s idol, the most
 beautified Ophelia,’—

110

That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase; ‘beautified’ is
 a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*

‘In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.’

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile: I will be
 faithful.

[*Reads.*

‘Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

119

‘O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I
 have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love
 thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

‘Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
 machine is to him, HAMLET.’

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,
 And more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means and place,
 All given to mine ear.

King.

But how hath she

Received his love?

Pol.

What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
 you think,

131

When I had seen this hot love on the wing—

As I perceived it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me—what might you,

Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,

If I had play’d the desk or table-book,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or look’d upon this love with idle sight;

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 140

‘Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;

This must not be:’ and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he, repulsed—a short tale to make—
 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves, 150
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain
 know that—

That I have positively said ' 'Tis so,'
 When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take
 this from this, if this be otherwise:

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
 together 160

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to
 him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not
 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
 comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
 I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

Enter HAMLET, reading.

O, give me leave: 170

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord. 180

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god-kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave. 210

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the

means of meeting between him and my daughter.—
My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my
leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing
that I will more willingly part withal: except my
life, except my life, except my life. 221

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there
he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir !

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. My honored lord !

Ros. My most dear lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost
thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good
lads, how do ye both ? 230

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the
middle of her favors.

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune ? O, most
true; she is a strumpet. What's the news ? 240

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown
honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news
is not true. Let me question more in particular:
what have you, my good friends, deserved at the
hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison
hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord !

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one. 250

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many
confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being
one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you: for there is

nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind. 259

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. }
Guil. } We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord: no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to color: I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 291

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be

even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you? 300

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay, then I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said ‘man delights not me’?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o’ the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanced it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed? 350

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little cyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose quills and dare scarce come thither. 360

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too. 379

Ham. It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece for his picture in

little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets within.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a hand saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

410

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honor,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragic-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

421

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

‘One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.’

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i’ the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have
a daughter that I love passing well. 431

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

‘As by lot, God wot,’

and then, you know,

‘It came to pass, as most like it was,’—
the first row of the pious chanson will show you
more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By’r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We’ll e’en to’t like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we’ll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; ’twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but

called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see—

471
'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,'—
it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion
smear'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murder; roasted in wrath and
fire,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with
good accent and good discretion.

First Play.

'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless
Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head 500
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless and the orb below
 As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
 Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work; 510
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 On Mars's armor forged for proof eterne
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you
 gods,

In general synod, take away her power;
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of hea-
 ven,

As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long. 520

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.
 Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry,
 or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the
 mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'

Pol. 'That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down,
 threatening the flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
 Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
 About her lank and all o'erteemed loins, 531
 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom
 steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pro-
 nounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her then
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 In mincing with her sword her husband's limbs,
 The instant burst of clamor that she made,
 Unless things mortal move them not at all,
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of
 heaven,

And passion in the gods.' 540

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his color and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. 551

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs. 559

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [*Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord. 569

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye; [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd, 580
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!

For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have ? He would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free, 590
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the
throat, 600

As deep as to the lungs ? who does me this ?
Ha !

'Swounds, I should take it : for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal ; bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain !

O, vengeance ! 610

Why, what an ass am I ! 'This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion !

Fie upon't ! foh ! About, my brain ! I have
heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently 620
They have proclaim'd their malefactions ;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be
sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well? 10

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it: they are about the court,
 And, as I think, they have already order 20
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
 To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much
 content me

To hear him so inclined.
 Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 30
 Affront Ophelia:

Her father and myself, lawful espials,
 Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
 We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
 If't be the affliction of his love or no
 That thus he suffers for."

Queen. I shall obey you.
 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your vir-
 tues 40

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
 To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so
 please you,
 We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*] Read
 on this book;

That show of such an exercise may color
 Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
 'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's
 visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
50

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep; 60
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time, 70

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will, 80
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you now !
 The fair Ophelia ! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord, 90
 How does your honor for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
 I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honor'd lord, you know right well
 you did;
 And with them, words of so sweet breath com-
 posed

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind 100
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord ?

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your
 honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
 merce than with honesty? 110

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
 sooner transform honesty from what it is to a
 bawd than the force of honesty can translate
 beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a
 paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did
 love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for
 virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we
 shall relish of it: I loved you not. 120

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst
 thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself in-
 different honest; but yet I could accuse me of

such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly, too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state, 160
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
youth

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way
tend; 170

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his
soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel 180

This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him 190
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pro-
nounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but

if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious perwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

41

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of

barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. } We will, my lord.
Guil. }

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. 60

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, 71
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that
man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king; 80
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death:
 I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 90
 And after we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be
 idle:
 Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,
 POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
 STERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's
 dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you can-
 not feed capons so. 100

King. I have nothing with this answer, Ham-
 let; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My
 lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted
 a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'
 the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so
 capital a calf there. Be the players ready? 111

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your pa-
 tience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord. 120

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord. 130

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes

passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play. 150

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow; the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency, 160
We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and 'Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:

For women's fear and love holds quantity;
 In neither aught, or in extremity.
 Now, what my love is, proof hath made you
 know;
 And as my love is sized, my fear is so: 180
 Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows
 there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and
 shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do;
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honor'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
 For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
 In second husband let me be accurst! 189
 None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [Aside] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage
 move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now
 you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.
 Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth, but poor validity: 199
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
 But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
 That even our loves should with our fortunes
 change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favorite
flies:

The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;

For who not needs shall never lack a friend,

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun, 220

Our wills and fates do so contrary run

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our
own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;

But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor
heaven light !

Sport and repose lock from me day and night !

To desperation turn my trust and hope !

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !

Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230

Meet what I would have well and it destroy !

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be a wife !

Ham. If she should break it now !

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me
here awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain !

[Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ? 239

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is
there no offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest;
no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropi-
cally. This play is the image of a murder
done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name;

his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 260

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: 'the croaking raven doth bel- low for revenge.'

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit,
and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice in-
fected,

Thy natural magic and dire property, 270
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for's es-
tate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant,
and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon
how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away! 280

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exit all but Hamlet and Horatio.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must
sleep:

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share. 290

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

— *Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,— 310

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler. 319

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not

of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business. 330

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration. 339

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any farther trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers. 349

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of dis-temper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty. 359

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe!

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

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Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

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Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

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Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit* Polonius.]
Leave me, friends. [*Excunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my
mother. 410

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none:
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
STERN.*

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare
you;

I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armor of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence, 21
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. }

Guil. }

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet,
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him
home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent: 40
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up; 50
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul mur-
der'?

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,

And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above; 60
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 'Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of
 steel, 70
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is pray-
 ing;
 And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;
 And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
 A villain kills my father; and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.
 O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread; 80
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
 May;
 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 No!
 Up, sword: and know thou a more horrid bent:
 When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed; 90
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't;
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Queen's closet.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you,
Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended. 10

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you. 20

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word. 30

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damned custom have not brass'd it so

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act 40

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom, 50

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed, 60
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what
follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment 70
ment

Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure, you
have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that
sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80
Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
 'Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul:
 And there I see such black and grained spots 90
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
 These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain:
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
 Of your presedent lord; a vice of kings;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, 100
 And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards! What would your gra-
 cious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
 chide,
 That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command?
 O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation 110
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
 O, step between her and her fighting soul:
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy
 And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,

Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do 129
Will want true color; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals
away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy! 139

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come; 150
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pury times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock or livery,
 That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either master the devil, or throw him out 169
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
 I must be cruel, only to be kind:
 Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
 One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do? 180

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, 190
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of
 breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, 200

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two
schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet. 210

This man shall set me packing;

I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.

Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night, mother.

{Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.}

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these pro-
found heaves:

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both
contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,

Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!'
 And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
 The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
 It had been so with us, had we been there:
 His liberty is full of threats to all;
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.
 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of
 haunt,

This mad young man: but so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit:
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
 O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
 Among a mineral of metals base,
 Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
 We must, with all our majesty and skill,
 Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guilden-
 stern!

Re enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
 Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
 And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
 him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
 Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done: so, haply slander—
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
 My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another room in the castle.**Enter HAMLET.**Ham.* Safely stowed.*Ros.* } [*Within*] Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !
Guil. }*Ham.* What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ? O, here they come.*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.**Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body ?*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.*Ros.* Believe what ?

10

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge ! what replication should be made by the son of a king ?*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?*Ham.* Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—*Guil.* A thing, my lord !

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Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.**Enter KING, attended.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose !

Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:

And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are relieved, 10

Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now ! what hath befall'n ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ! where ? 19

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. 40

[*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But,
come; for England! Farewell, dear mother. 51

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother; father and mother is man
and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my
mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with
speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
'Tis else leans on the affair; pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
 By letters congruing to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. 70
[Exit.

SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers,
 marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish
 king;
 Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
 Craves the conveyance of a promised march
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye;
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
 and others.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir. 10

Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
 Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground
 That hath in it no profit but the name.
 So pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; 20
 Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will de-
 fend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit.

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord? 30

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. [Exeunt all except Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men, 60
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth?
[Exit.]

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says she
 hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats
 her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
 doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts:
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
 them, II

Indeed would make one think there might be
 thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for
 she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 26

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Den-
 mark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love know
 From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
 And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone. 36

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady? 40

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl
was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we
are, but know not what we may be. God be at
your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this;
but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[*Sings*] To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window, 50
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an
end on't:

[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame. 61
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*]
O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied, 81
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*]

Queen.

Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them
guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent.

Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste 100

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him
lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, 'Choose we: Laertes shall be king;'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
clouds:

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they
cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! 110

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all
without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou
vile king,

Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims
me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, 120

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,

Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Ger-
trude,

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King.

Dead.

Queen.

But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your re-
venge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and
foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope
my arms;
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing a-down a-down,

An you call him a-down-a. 171

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray, love, remember: and there is pan-
sies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and
remembrance fitted. 179

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:
there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we
may call it herb-grace o' Sundays: O, you must
wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy:
I would give you some violets, but they withered
all when my father died: they say he made a
good end,—

[*Sings*] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell
itself,

She turns to favor and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*] And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead:

Go to thy death-bed:

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be
wi' ye. [Exit. 200

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your
grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,

To you in satisfaction; but if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us, 210

And we shall jointly labor with your soul

To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure funeral—

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

No noble right nor formal ostentation—

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,

That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters
for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Servant.

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him.
There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the
ambassador that was bound for England; if your
name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. 11

Hor. [*Reads*] ‘Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. 30

‘He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.’
Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do’t the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another room in the castle.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr’d up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsin-
ew’d,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his
mother

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
 My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
 She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a public count I might not go,
 Is the great love the general gender bear him;
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
 A sister driven into desperate terms,
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you
 must not think 30
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
 more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself;
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now ! what news ?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
 This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them
 not:

They were given me by Claudio; he received
 them 40

Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
 Leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

[*Reads*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I
 am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow
 shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I
 shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount

the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.
‘HAMLET.’

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? 50

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. ‘Naked!’
And in a postscript here, he says ‘alone.’
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
‘Thus didst thou.’

King. If it be so, Laertes—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord; 60
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so 70
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears, 80
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,

Importing health and graveness. Two months since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch in-
deed

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed, 100
If one could match you: the scrimers of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this? 110

King. Not that I think you did not love your
father;

But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 Dies in his own too much: that we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this 'would'
 changes 120

And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
 And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
 That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the
 ulcer:—

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
 To show yourself your father's son in deed
 More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
 Laertes, 129

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
 Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home;
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine to-
 gether

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
 Most generous and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
 Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't: 140

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death
 That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this; 149
 Weigh what convenience both of time and means

May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad perform-
ance,

'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager on your connings:
I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared
him 160

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come 169
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daises, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued 180
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
'*o muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet

It is our trick; nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord: 190

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,

But that this folly douts it. *[Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow. * *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot be else. For here lies the point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why; there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none. 39

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says 'Adam digged:' could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outliveth a thousand tenants. 50

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell. 60

First Clo. To't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with

beating; and when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[*Exit Sec. Clown.*
[*He digs and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet, 70
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings*]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord. 89

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggarts with 'em? mine ache to think on't. 101

First Clo. [*Sings*]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
 For and a shrouding sheet:
 O, a pit of clay for to be made
 For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet. 139

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mipe.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you. 140

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken a note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-digger?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. 170

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot? 179

First Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky corsers nowadays, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great

while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

191

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

200

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

220

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him

thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king,

*Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the Corpse of
OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following;
KING, QUEEN, their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far
enlarged 249

As we have warrantise; her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on
her:

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her 260
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell !

[Scattering flowers.]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet
maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, 270

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Deprived thee of ! Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made,

To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head

Of blue Olympus.

Ham. *[Advancing]* What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I, 280

Hamlet the Dane. *[Leaps into the grave.]*

Laer. The devil take thy soul !

[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;

For, though I am not splenitive and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen.

Hamlet, Hamlet !

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor.

Good my lord, be quiet.

*[The Attendants part them and they come out
of the grave.]*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

290

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine? 300

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

Arise, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclosed, 310

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever: but it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon

him. [*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last
night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument: 320

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see
the other;

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should
teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
Rough-hew them how we will,—

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Hora-
tio,—

O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons 20
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more
leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with vil-
lanies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, 30
They had begun the play—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair and labor'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yoeman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might
flourish,

40

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As 'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal; 50
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscribed it, gave't the impression, placed it
safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes 60
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now
upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my
mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect con-
science,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be
damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

70

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favors:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here? 80

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt. 90

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly. 99

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

130

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

150

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it? 171

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial. 179

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osr.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. 211

Lord. The king and queen are all coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 229

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

240

With sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honor and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

250

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer.

I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honor

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honor,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

260

To keep my name ungored. But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham.

I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.

Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer.

Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cous-
in Hamlet, 270

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all
a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that
table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange, 280
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the
cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin:
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. 290

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl
is thine;

Here's to thy health.

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*]

Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. 300

Ham. Good madam !

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence:

I am afeard you make a wanton of me. 310

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now !

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them; they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord ?

Osr. How is't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,— 320

The drink, the drink ! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villany ! Ho ! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery ! Seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;
 'The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
 Unbated and envenom'd; the foul practice
 Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
 Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd: 330
 I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point!—envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*]

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends: I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous,
 damned Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly served;

It is a poison temper'd by himself. 339

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee.

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—

But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;

Thou livest; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it: 351

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
 me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.

[*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this? 360

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night,
sweet prince; 370
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and
others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud
death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd, 381
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view; 389
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters.

Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
 Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak.
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
 more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
 Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mis-
 chance,

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have proved most royally: and, for his pas-
 sage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410
 Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exit, bearing off the dead
 bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is
 shot off.*]

KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, son to Gloucester.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester.
CURAN, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.
Doctor.
Fool.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
A Captain employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } daughters to Lear.
CORDELLIA, }

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers.
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Britain.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *King Lear's palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought 'the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

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Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glou. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better. 31

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glou. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age; 40
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future
strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France
and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous
sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my
daughters,—

Since now we will divest us, both of rule, 50
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield
the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found; 60
A love that makes breath poor, and speech un-
able:

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia do? Love,
and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daugh-
ter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. Sir, I am made 70
Of the self-same metal that my sister is,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sesses;

And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [Aside] Then poor Cordelia
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferred on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least: to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing! 90

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech
a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you. 100
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy
dower: 110

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, forever. The barbarous
 Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120
 Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and relieved,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
 I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my
 sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her! Call France: who
 stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany, 129
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly
 course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
 The name, and all the additions to a king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, 140
 This coronet part betwixt you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honor'd as my king,
 Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
 the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man?
 Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to
 speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honor's bound, 150

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy
doom;

And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye. 161

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

All. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me! 170
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd
pride

To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world:
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day follow-
ing,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,

The moment is thy death. Away ! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revokèd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt
appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take
thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said !
[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches
may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

Flourish. *Re-enter* GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE,
BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord. 191

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little seeming substance, 201
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Laer. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,
Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me, 210

I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For you,
 great king,
 I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
 you
 To avert your liking a more worthier way
 Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
 Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
 That she, that even but now was your best object,
 The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
 Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
 time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle 220
 So many folds of favor. Sure, her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree,
 That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
 Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
 Must be a faith that reason without miracle
 Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
 If for I want that glib and oily art,
 To speak and purpose not; since what I well in-
 tend,

I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, 230
 No unchaste action, or dishonor'd step,
 That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
 But even for want of that for which I am richer,
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me
 better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
 Which often leaves the history unspoke
 That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love's not love 241
 When it is mingled with regards that stand
 Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
 She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,

Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
father

That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy! 250
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France: 260
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but France, Goneril,
Regan, and Cordelia.*]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study 279

Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides:

Who cover faults, at last shame **them** derides.
Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us. 290

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is;
the observation we have made of it hath not been
little: he always loved our sister most; and with
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off ap-
pears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash; then must we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long en-
grafted condition, but therewithal the unruly way-
wardness that infirm and choleric years bring with
them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to
have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you, let's
hit together: if our father carry authority with
such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender
of his will but offend us. 310

Reg. We shall further think on't.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.**Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy
law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature, take

More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in
choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed his
power!

Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading? 30

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see; come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking. 40

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue forever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.' Hum—conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not. 70

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course: where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no further pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so.

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

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Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out: wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

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Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mu

tinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollow-ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

[Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behavior,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa Major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in? 151

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between

the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together. 170

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong. 180

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: 190
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Duke of Albany's palace.**Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD, her steward.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. 10

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he did dislike it, let him to our sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away? Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen
abused. 20

Remember what I tell you.

Osw.

Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows
so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.**Enter KENT, disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,

That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banish'd
Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
demn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou? 10

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king. 21

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master. 30

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.
[*Exit an Attendant*]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [Exit]

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a Knight.*] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not! 60

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged. 71

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away. 80

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. 'My lady's father'! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon. 91

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes Oswald out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool? 110

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favor: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy? 119

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me !

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle: 130

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score. 140

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool ! 150

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool ?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me,
 Do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there. 160

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns. 171

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so. 180

[*Singing*] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;

For wise men are grown foppish,

They know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, 190

[*Singing*] Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that will teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy

wits o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle:
here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that
frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late
i' the frown. 209

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou
hads't no need to care for her frowning; now thou
art an O without a figure: I am better than
thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To*
Gon. Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so
your face bids me, though you say nothing.
Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.

[*Pointing to Lear*] That's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue, 221
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto
you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fear-
ful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, 230
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it's had it head bit off by it young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, 239
I would you would make use of that good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.

Who is it that can tell me who I am? 250

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright: 260

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth
speak

For instant remedy: be then desired

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train; 270

And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses; call my train together.

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Alb.*]

O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
 Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, 281
 More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
 Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite ! thou liest:
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
 That all particulars of duty know,
 And in the most exact regard support
 The worships of their name. O most small fault,
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show ! 289
 That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
 From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
 Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*]

And thy dear judgment out ! Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
 Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
 Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear !
 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
 To make this creature fruitful !
 Into her womb convey sterility ! 300
 Dry up in her the organs of increase;
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honor her ! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatured torment to her !
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310
 To have a thankless child ! Away, away ! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes
 this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
 Within a fortnight !

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee: [*To Gon.*] Life and death!
I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force, 320
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so: yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off forever: thou shalt, I warrant
thee. [*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool,
after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take
the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her, 340
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—a
hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on every
dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear; 360
 And thereto add such reasons of your own
 As may compact it more. Get you gone;
 And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No,
 no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours
 Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom
 Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot
 tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. 370 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these
 letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with
 any thing you know than comes from her demand
 out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy,
 I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have de-
 livered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't
 not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy. 10

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall
 ne'er go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face? 20

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. 30

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. 'Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight? 40

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! 50

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.
[*Excunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*

Enter EDMUND, and CURAN meets him.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they? 10

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work!
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say! 21

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming: pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you: 31
Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you
well.

Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavor: I have seen drunk-
ards

Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp
sword out, 40
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means
he could—

Glou. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt
some Servants.*] By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lord-
ship:

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine, 50
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the en-
counter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far:
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
 And found—despatch. The noble duke my
 master,
 My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night: 61
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
 He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
 'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee 71
 Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should
 deny,—

As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
 My very character,—I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs
 To make thee seek it.'

Glou. Strong and fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter? I never got him. 80
 [*Tucket within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I
 came hither,
 Which I can call but now, I have heard strange
 news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
 short

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

Glou. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:

100

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cau-
tions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice; and re-
ceived

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him. 110

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Ed-
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,— 120

Reg. 'Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I least thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messen-
gers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam: 130
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Gloucester's castle.*

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me. 10

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a

mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee ! 29

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me ! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king ? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moon-shine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Osw. Away ! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho ! murder ! help !

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now ! What's the matter ?

Kent. With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons ! arms ! What's the matter here ? 51

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives: He dies that strikes again. What is the matter ?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference ? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee. 60

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man ?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a

printer could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the walls of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain 80
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot. 90

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain.
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see 100
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth
affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth !
An they will take it, so: if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness

Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely. 110

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no
flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent
was a plain knave; which for my part I will not
be, though I should win your displeasure to en-
treat me to't. 120

Corn. What was the offence you gave him ?

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction:
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit, 130
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks !
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend brag-
gart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:

You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks ! As I have life
and honor, 140
There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

• *Corn.* This is a fellow of this self-same color
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the
stocks ! [Stocks brought out.]

Glou. Let me beseech your grace not to do
so :

His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't : your purposed low correc-
tion

Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches 150
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with : the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse

To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

[Kent is put in the stocks.]

Come, my good lord, away.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.]

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend : 'tis the
duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows, 160
Will not be robb'd nor stopp'd : I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir : I have watched and
travell'd hard ;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :
Give you good morrow !

Glou. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun !

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, 170

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter ! Nothing almost sees miracles

But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscure course; and shall find time

From this enormous state, seeking to give

Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-
watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy
wheel ! [*Sleeps.* 180

SCENE III. *A wood.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may
'scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots; 10

And with presented nakedness out-face

The winds and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent

Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;

And with this horrible object, from low farms,

Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,

Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
 prayers,
 Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod ! poor
 Tom ! 20
 That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.
 [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in
 the stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart
 from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master !

Lear. Ha !
 Makest thou this shame thy pastime ?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha ! he wears cruel garters. Horses
 are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck,
 monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when
 a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden
 nether-stocks. 11

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place
 mistook
 To set thee here ?

Kent. It is both he and she;
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have. 20

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
 They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
 murder,
 To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage:
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post, 30
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting
forth

From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took
horse;

Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow that of late 40
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese
fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags 59
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [Exit. 60

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form, 80

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off. 91

Fetch me a better answer.

Glou.

My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke:

How unmovable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ! Dost thou understand
me, man ? 100

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this ? My breath and
blood !

Fiery ? the fiery duke ? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
selves *

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; 110

And am fall'n out with my more headier will,

To take the indisposed and sickly fit

For the sound man. Death on my state ! where-
fore [Looking on Kent.

Should he sit here ? This act persuades me

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.

Go tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum

Till it cry sleep to death. 120

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart ! but,
down !

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to
the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she
knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and
cried 'Down, wantons, down !' 'Twas her brother
that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered
his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and
Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace !
[Kent is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness. 130

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress. [*To Kent*] O, are you
free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:
[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have
hope 140

You less know how to value her desert.
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led 150
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

[*Kneeling.*]
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and
food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly
tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising*] Never, Regan: 160
She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:

All the stored vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn.

Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blind-
ing flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

170

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on
me,

When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse:

Thy tender hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but
thine

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee,

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,

And in conclusion to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in; thou better know'st

180

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

'Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg.

Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Tucket within.*

Corn.

What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.

Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace? 190

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
have good hope

Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here? O
heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!

[*To Gon.*] Art not ashamed to look upon this
beard?

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough; 200
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose 211
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir. 220

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an emboss'd carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, 230
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister.
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers? 240
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced
to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to
me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you 250
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favor'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the
worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I'll go
with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beg-
gars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature's needs,

Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous, 271

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-drops, 280

Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*

Storm and tempest.

Corn. Let us withdraw: 'twill be a storm. 290

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his
people

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.

Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is re-
turn'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glou. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither. 300

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads him-
self.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about

There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,

The injuries that they themselves procure

Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
doors:

He is attended with a desperate train,

And what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear. 310

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord: 'tis a wild
night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A heath.*

Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curl'd waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his
white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn 10
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labors to out-
jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
wall;

Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no
less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard reign which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;

But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already, 31
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner. Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding; 40
 And from some knowledge and assurance,
 offer

This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
 As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
 And she will tell you who your fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king. 50

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more
 to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
 yet;

That, when we have found the king,—in which
 your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
 Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath. Storm
 still.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
 rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
 'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
 cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man ! 9

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o' doot. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's
a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful ! Spit, fire ! spout,
rain !

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children.
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man: 20
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has
a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;

So beggars marry many. 30

The man that makes his foe

What he his heart should make

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made
mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece;
that's a wise man and a fool. 41

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here ? things that love
night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was
man

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry

The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, 50
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed! 60
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tem-
pest:

Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fel-
low?

The art of our necessities is strange, 70
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing*] He that has and a little tiny
wit,—

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—

Must make content with his fortunes fit,

For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to
this hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80

When priests are more in word than matter;

When brewers mar their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build; 90

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live be-
fore his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this
unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave
that I might pity him, they took from me the
use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of
their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of
him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to: say you nothing. There's a
division betwixt the dukes; and a worse matter
than that: I have received a letter this night;
'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have lock'd the
letter in my closet: these injuries the king now
bears will be revenged home; there's part of a
power already footed: we must incline to the
king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him:
go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my
charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me,

I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.* 21

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too:

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses; no less than all:

The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The heath. Before a hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough

For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'ldst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea, 10

Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to't? But I will punish home:

No, I will weep no more. In such a night

To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that; 21

No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, 29
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me! 40

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this? 50

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom?
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
through flame, and through ford and whirlpool,
o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives
under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set rats-
bane by his porridge; made him proud of heart,
to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched
bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.
Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold—O, do de,

do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking ! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there. *[Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass ?

Couldst thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them all ?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters !

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdued nature

'To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?

Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo !

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been ?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of

shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. 101

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:

Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa ! let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha ! here's three on 's are sophisticated ! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings ! come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire. 119

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

S. Withold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee !

Kent. How fares your grace ?

130

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is 't you seek ?

Glou. What are you there ? Your names ?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swal-

lows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

But mice and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend.

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile,
my lord, 150

That it doth hate what get's it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughter's hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder? 160

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*]

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, 170

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
 Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
 But lately, very late: I loved him, friend:
 No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,
 'The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's
 this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep
 thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him; 180

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take
 the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
 His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
 I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Gloucester's castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his
 house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that
 nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears
 me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether
 your brother's evil disposition made him seek his
 death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a
 reprobable badness in himself. 9

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must
 repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of,
 which approves him an intelligent party to the
 advantages of France. O heavens! that this
 treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension. 20

Edm. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloucester.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman? 11

Lear. A king, a king.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath. 21

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes !

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares !
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam ?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee. 30

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.

[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side: [*To Kent*] you are o' the commission, 40

Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur ! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father. 50

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril ?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there !

Arms, arms, sword, fire ! Corruption in the place !
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

Edg. Bless thy five wits ! 60

Kent. O pity ! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part
so much

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at
me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.
Avaunt, you curs !

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth thy poisons if it bite; 70
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. Sessa ! Come, march to wakes
and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn
is dry. 79

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see
what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause
in nature that makes these hard hearts ? [*To Ed-*
gar] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred;
only I do not like the fashion of your garments:
you will say they are Persian attire; but let them
be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest
awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the
curtains: so, so, so We'll go to supper i' the
morning. So, so, so. 91

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the king
my master ?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits
are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
 I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
 There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
 And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
 Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
 If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, 100
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct..

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come, help
 to bear thy master;
 Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.
 [*Exeunt all but Edgar.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 110
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
 Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er
 skip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that which makes me bend makes the king
 bow,
 He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
 Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
 thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee. 120
 What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the
 king!
 Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband;
show him this letter: the army of France is
landed. Seek out the villain Gloucester.

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund,
keep you our sister company: the revenges we
are bound to take upon your traitorous father are
not fit for you beholding. Advise the duke,
where you are going, to a most festinate prepara-
tion: we are bound to the like. Our post shall
be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell,
dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester had convey'd
him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they
boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress. 20

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.]

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[Exeunt other Servants.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? the
traitor?

Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glou. What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider 30

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

Glou. Unmerciful lady as your are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glou. Naughtly lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robber's hands my hospitable favors 40
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king? 50

Glou. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
 The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
 In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd
 up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: 61

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
 Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, turn the
 key,'

All cruels else subscribed: but I shall see
 The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold
 the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,
 Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods. 70

Reg. One side will mock another; the other
 too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
 I have served you ever since I was a child:
 But better service have I never done you
 Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your
 chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*They draw and fight.*]

First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the
 chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up
 thus! 80

[*Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.*]

First Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have
 one eye left

To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile
 jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my
 son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
 To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !
 Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
 That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
 Who is too good to pity thee. 90

Glou. O my follies ! then Edgar was abused.
 Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him
 smell

His way to Dover. [*Exit one with Gloucester.*]
 How is't, my lord ? how look you ?

Corn. I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.
 Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
 Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
 Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*]

Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I
 do,
 If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long, 100
 And in the end meet the old course of death,
 Women will all turn monsters.

Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get
 the Bedlam
 To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
 Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and
 whites of eggs
 To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
 him ! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be con-
 temn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
 The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
 The lamentable change is from the best;
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace !

The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore
years.

Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be
gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no
eyes; 20

I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [Aside] O gods! Who is't can say 'I
am at the worst'?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside] And worse I may be yet: the
worst is not

So long as we can say 'This is the worst.' 30

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not
beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [Aside] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, 40
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone. 50

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I
have,

Come on't what will. [Exit.

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor 'Tom's a-cold. [Aside] I cannot
daub it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-
path. Poor 'Tom hath been scared out of his
good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the
foul fiend! five fiends have been in poor 'Tom at
once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince
of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of Mur-
der; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,
who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-
women. So, bless thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, 70
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough. Dost thou know
Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm: 81
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild
husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within: but never man so
changed.

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was 'The worse:' of Gloucester's
treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to
him; 10

What like, offensive.

Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the
way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my
brother;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to
hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favor.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thine spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
[*Exit Edmund.*]

O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit.*]

Enter the DUKE OF ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition: 31
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile:

Filths savor but themselves. What have you
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man, 41
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would
lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man ! 50
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs:
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 'Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st
 Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
 drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest
 'Alack, why does he so ?'

Alb. See thyself, devil !
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend 60
 So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !
Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
 shame,
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Corn-
 wall's dead: 70
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
 morse,
 Opposed against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
 But not without that harmful stroke, which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
 You justicers, that these our nether crimes

So speedily can venge ! But, O poor Gloucester !
Lost he his other eye ?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. 81
'This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his
eyes ?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here. 90

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness ?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: 'twas he inform'd
against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason ?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
which since his coming forth is thought of;
which imports to the kingdom so much fear and
danger, that his personal return was most required
and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general ?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La
Far. 10

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
demonstration of grief ?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets, 21
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If ail could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heaved the
name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the
night? 30

Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the kink return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i'
the town; 40
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not? 50

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear;

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go.
Along with me. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

*Enter, with drum and colors, CORDELIA, Doctor,
and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]

What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth. 10

Doct. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate

In the good man's distress ! Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam; 20
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
at home ?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him ?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious mat-
ter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being
out,

To let him live: where he arrives he moves 10
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay
with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:
 My lady charged my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? might
 not you
 Transport her purposes by word? Belike, 20
 Something—I know not what: I'll love thee
 much,
 Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her hus-
 band;
 I am sure of that: and at her late being here
 She gave strange ocellades and most speaking
 looks
 To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam!
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I
 know't:

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
 My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd; 30
 And more convenient is he for my hand
 Than for your lady's: you may gather more.
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from
 you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I
 should show
 What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE VI. *Fields near Dover.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a
peasant.

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that
 same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we
 labor.

Glou. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glou. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glou. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I
changed

But in my garments.

Glou. Methinks you're better spoken. 10

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight, the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, 21
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within
a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off; 30
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff and loathed part of nature should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him ! 40
 Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward.*]

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft: had he been where he
 thought,
 By this, had thought been past. Alive or
 dead ?

Ho, you sir ! friend ! Hear you, sir ! speak !
 Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.
 What are you, sir ?

Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,
 feathers, air,
 So many fathom down precipitating, 50
 Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
 breathe;
 Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
 sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
 Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fall'n, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
 bourn
 Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes. 60
 Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
 To end itself by death ? 'Twas yet some comfort,
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
 And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
 Up; so. How is't ? Feel you your legs ? You
 stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his
eyes 69

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honors

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I'll
bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you
speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But
who comes here? 80

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.
There's your press-money. That fellow handles
his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's
yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this
piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's my
gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the
brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i'
the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard!
They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had
white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were
there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything that

I said !—‘Ay’ and ‘no’ too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found ‘em, there I smelt ‘em out. Go to, they are not men o’ their words: they told me I was every thing; ‘tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember:

Is’t not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. 110
I pardon that man’s life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to’t, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester’s bastard
son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got ’tween the lawful sheets.

To’t, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.

Behold yond simpering dame, 120

Whose face between her forks presages snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure’s name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to’t

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit

Beneath is all the fiends’;

There’s hell, there’s darkness, there’s the sulphurous pit, 130

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie,
fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there’s
money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first: it smells of mortality.

Glou. O ruin’d piece of nature! This great
world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid: I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes. 151

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad! A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glou. Ay, sir. 160

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener,

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold, 169

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw does pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now,
now:

Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my
eyes. 180

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
'Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are
come

To this great stage of fools: this' a good block;
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! 191

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 200
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom.
What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, if you get
it, you shall get it with running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse 210
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause
is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. 220
[*Exit Gent.*]

Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows:
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glou. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! 230
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,

Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't. [*Edgar interposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther
'casion. 240

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out
of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by
a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man;
keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your
costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be
plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no
matter vor your foins. 251

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my
purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the British party: O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. 260
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks
of

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remem-

bered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.

‘Your—wife, so I would say—

‘Affectionaté servant,

‘GONERIL.’

O undistinguish’d space of woman’s will !
A plot upon her virtuous husband’s life;
And the exchange my brother ! Here, in the
sands,

Thee I’ll rake up, the post unsanctified 281
Of murderous lechers: and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke; for him ’tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glou. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever’d from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose 290
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg.

Give me your hand:

[*Drum afar off.*

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I’ll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp.* LEAR
on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentleman
and others attending.

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and
work,
To match thy goodness ? My life will be too
short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o’erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not 10
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. [*To the Doctor*] How does the king?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd? 20

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep

We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes 30

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch — poof
perdu! —

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to
him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares
your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the
grave:

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you
die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide! 50

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?
Fair daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with
pity,

To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man, 60
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know
not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. 70

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost. 80

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more

Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish. [*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of
Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is
with the Earl of Kent in Germany. 91

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look
about; the powers of the kingdom approach
apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The British camp, near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colors, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

[*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
'Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honor'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way 10

To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been con-
junct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colors, ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle than
that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. 20
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,

Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils 30
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with
us.

Gon. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will
go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man
so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. Speak.

[*Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this let-
ter. 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the hearld cry,
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy
paper. [*Exit Edgar.*]

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your
powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces

By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; 60
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.* 69

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colors,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and Soldiers, over the stage;
and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this
tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glou. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand;
away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glou. No farther, sir; a man may rot even
here,

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Mer. must
endure 9
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: come on.

Glou. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND:
LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners; Captain, Sol-
diers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good
guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, 11
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve
first.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow
them to prison:

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men 30
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: thy great employ
ment

Will not bear question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou
hast done.

Mark, I say, instantly: and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I'll do't. [*Exit.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, an-
other Captain, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain, 40
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes 50
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness;

The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war, 60
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you. 70

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should an-
swer

From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes. 80

Reg. [*To Edmund*] Let the drum strike, and
prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest
thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attaint,
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*]. For your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your banns.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude !

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester: let the
trumpet sound: 90

If none appear to prove upon thy head
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]; I'll
prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick !

Gon. [*Aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [*throwing down a
glove*]: what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not ? I will maintain 100
My truth and honor firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho !

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald !

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet ! [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Her. [*Reads*] 'If any man of quality or degree
within the lists of the army will maintain upon
Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is
a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third
sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'

Edm. Sound ! [*First trumpet.*]

Her. Again ! [*Second trumpet.*]

Her. Again ! [*Third trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you? 119
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl
of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession: I protest, 130
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high-illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest forever. Trumpets, speak!

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him !

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester: 151
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't ?

Alb. Most monstrous ! oh ! 159
Know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that
have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices 170
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true.
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ? 179
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale;
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That followed me so near,—O. our lives' sweetness
ness !

That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once !—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings, 189
Their precious stones new lost; became his
guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never,—O fault !—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd:
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support !
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say. 201

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate, 209
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service 220
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead !

Alb. Who dead ? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent. 229

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

O, is this he ?

The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !
Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's
Cordelia ?

See'st thou this object, Kent ?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake, 240
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run.

Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword, 250
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and
me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms,
EDGAR, Captain, and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are
men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone
forever! 259

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling*] O my good master!

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all!

I might have saved her; now she's gone forever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha! 271
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and
hated, 280

One of them we behold.

Lear. 'This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and
decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly. 290

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says: and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power: [*To Edgar and Kent*]

you, to your rights; 300

With boot, and such addition as your honors

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no,
no life !

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never, never !

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.

Do you see this ? Look on her, look, her lips, 310
Look there, look there ! [*Dies.*

Edg. He faints ! My lord, my lord !

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.,

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass ! he
hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present
business

Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends
of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; 321
My master calls me, I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

